

DOCTOR
Merry-man:
OR,
Nothing but Mirth.

Written by S. R.



LONDON

Printed for *Samuell Rand*, and are to
be sold at his Shoppe neere
Holborne bridge.

1616.

DOCTOR McGlynn:

Residing at
No. 2 N. 2nd St.



Printed for Samuel McGlynn and are to
be sold at his shop in
Hoboken, N. J.

Do&tor Merrie-man:

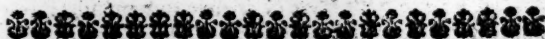
O R,
Nothing but Mirth.



Citizen for Recreations sake,
To see the Countrie would a journie make,
Some dozen mile, or little more, fore;
Taking his leave of friende two months be-
With drinking healthis, and shaking by the hand,
As he had travaill'd to some new-found land.
Well, taking horse, with very much adoe,
London he leaveth for a day or two:
And as he rideth meets upon the way
Such, (as what haste soever) bid men stay:
Sirrah (sayes one) stand, and your purse deliver;
I am a taker, you must be a giver.
Unto a wood hard by they hale him in,
And raffe him unto the very skin.
Masters (quoth he) pray heare me ere you goe,
For you have robbed more than you doe know:
My horse (in troth) I borrowed of my Brother,
The bridle and the saddle of another:
The Jerkin and the Bases be a Taylers,
The Scarfe, I doe assure you, is a Saylers:
The Falling-band is likewise none of mine,
Nor Cuffes, as true as this good light doth shine:
The Sattin Doublet and the Velvet Hose
Are our Church-wardens, all the parish knowes.

Doctor Merrie-man: or

The Bootes are *John* the Grocers of the Swan,
The Spurs were lent me by a Serving-man:
One of my Rings, (that with the great red stone)
Insooth I borrowed of my gossip *Jaane*,
Her husband knowes not of it gentlemen,
Thus stands my case, I pray shew favour then.
Why (quoth the theeves) thou needst not greatly care,
Since in thy losse so many beare a share:
The world growes hard, many good fellowes lack,
Look not at this time for a penny back.
Goe tell at *London*, thou didst meet with foure,
That rifling thee have rob'd at least a score.



TWO Beggars did encounter on the way,
That had not seene each other many a day,
Nor met together at the Hedge, (Rogues Hall)
As perfect lowlie as they both could crault:
Each had a cap, and night-cap for the cold,
And Cloaks with patches full as they could hold,
Great Satchell Scraps, that shut leather flaps,
And each a dog to eat his Masters scraps:
Their shooes were Hob-naile prooffe, soundly bepegg'd,
Wrapt well with clouts to keep them warmer legg'd.
Sayes one to th'other, *Come, hang care, let's drinke,*
Our trade is better than a number think,
For I, my wife, and Jack, goe up and downe
To make our ev'ry day worth halfe a Crowne:
Most Townes in Flanders I have learn'd to name,
And am a poore distressed souldier lame;
And sometimes I their charity desire,
Like one hath lost all that he had by fire.

Fire

Nothing but Mirth.

Fire (quoth the other) come along mad knave,
Let's goe where we some watering place may have.
Where's the best Beere to give a man content?
I have a penny that was never spent;
And twenty slaves I gentlemen did name,
Before I could be Master of the same:
To many an Assle I doe the *Worship* give,
With *Lord preserve you while you live*:
Now *Iesus prosper you by Sea and Land,*
And *blesse you Master all you take in hand.*
God keep your limbes, and Lord increase your store,
I eat no bread to day, (but drunke the more)
For Christ his sake make this same up a penny:
Thus doe I angle silver out of many:
I, when I have it for my speaking faire,
If he were hang'd that gave it, I ne're care.

The other begger laugh, and did reply,
Roger, of that same humour just am I:
I can afford good speeches well as thou,
And unto any Knave such words allow;
I will not want that till my tongue doth faile:
But prethee come, let us goe finde the Ale:
I am as dry as ever was *March* dust,
And here's a Groat, I meane to spend it just.
Well said old *Tom* (sayes th' other) if thou doe,
My groat shall goe, and my Tobacco too;
Although a Beggars credit bee not great,
We will be gentlemen in our conceit:
I think my selfe as good a man each way,
As he that goes in's Velvet every day.
We'll spend a Crowne and drinke Carouses round.
Before some Churles are worth ten thousand pound:
There's nothing but a paire of stocks we feare,
He bring thee to a Cup of tickling geere.

Doctor Merrie-man : or



A Money-monger choyce of Sureties had :
A Countrey fellow plaine in Ruslet clad :
His doublet Mutton-taffety Sheep-skins,
His sleeves at hand button'd with two good pins ;
Upon his head a filthy greasie Hat,
That had a hole cate thorow it by a Rat,
A Leather Pouch that with a Snap-hance shut,
One hundred Hobnailes in his shooes were put :
The stockings that his Clownish legs did fit,
Were Kerfie to the calfe, and th' other knit ;
And at a word, th'apparell that he wore
Was not worth twelve-pence, at *Who gives more ?*
The other surety of another stufte,
His neck inviron'd with a double Ruffe,
Made Lawne and Cambrick both such common ware,
His Doublet set had falling Band to spare :
His fashion new, with last Edition stood,
His Rapier Hilt\$ imbru'd in golden blood :
And these same trappings made him seeme one sound,
To passe his credit for an hundred pound,
So was accepted, Ruslet-coat deny'd,
But when time came the money should be pay'd,
And Monsieur Usurer did hunt him out,
Strange alteration struck his heart in doubt ;
For in the Counter he was gone to dwell,
And Brokers had his painted cloaths to sell :
The Usurer then further understands,
The Clowne (refus'd) was rich, and had good lands:
Ready (through rage) to hang himselfe, he swore,
That filken Knaves should cozen him no more.

A wealthy

Nothing but Mirth.

A Wealthy Misers sonne, vpon a day,
Met a poore Youth, that did intreat and pray
Some-thing of charitie in his distresse :

Helpe sir (quoth hee) one that is Fatherlesse.
Sirrah (sayd hee) away, begone with speed,
He helpe none such ; thou art a knaue indeed :
Dost thou complaine because thou wants a Father?
Were it in my case, I would reioyce the rather :
For if thy Fathers death, cause thee repine,
I would my Father had excused thine,

A Countrie fellow had a Dreame,
Which did his minde amaze,
That starting vp, he wakes his Wife,
And thus to her he sayes.

Oh Woman, rise and helpe our Goose,

For euen the best we haue,

Is presently at poynt to die,

Vnlesse her life you saue :

On either side of her I see

A hungry Fox doth sit,

But staying vpon curtesie,

Who shall begin first bit.

Husband (quoth she) if this be all,

I can your Dreame expound:

The perfect meaning of the same,

I instantly haue found.

The Goose betweene two Foxes plac'd,

Which in your sleepe you saw,

Is you your selfe, that proue a Goose,

Doctor Merry-man: or,

In going still to Law.

On eyther side a Lawyer comes,
And they doe Feathers pull,
That in the end, you will be left
A bare and naked Gull,
Wife, in good troth (quoth he) I thinke,
Thou art iust in the right,
My Purse can witnesse to my griefe,
They doe begin to bite:
I doe resolue an other course,
And much commend thy wife,
He leaue the Gooses part for them,
That haue a minde to it:

And if thou euer finde that L.
To Lawing humours fall,
Let me be hang'd at Westminster:
(Wife) He forsake the Hall.

AN idle fellow that would take no paine,
Looking that others should his state maintaine,
Was sharpe reproofed by an honest friend,
Who told him, Man was made to other end,
Then only eate, and drinke, and sleepe, and play,
To whome the Lasie-creature thus did say,
Sir, I doe nere intend to labour much,
Because I see the bad reward of such,
As take most paines: Horses that labour great,
Are cast in Ditches for the Dogges to eate.

A crassie

A Craftie kind of knauish Foole,
Whereof there plenty bee,
Did breake his Mistres Looking-glasse,
And swoore it was not hee :

His Maister did examine him,
Demaunding who it was ?
(Sir) if youle be content (quoth he)
Ile tell who broke the Glasle.
With that he brought him in the Hall
To *Fortunes* Picture there,
Saying, Sir, 'twas *Fortune* did the deed,
She ought the blame to beare.
His Maister tooke a Cudgell, and
Belabour'd him withall;
Who crying out for mercy, downe
Before his feet did fall.
Nay (quoth his Maister) tis not I,
To *Fortune* you must speake,
For euen she that cudgels you,
The Glasle before did breake.

A Sort of Clownes for losse which they sustain'd
By Souldiers, to the Captaine sore complain'd,
With dolefull wordes, and very woefull faces,
They mou'd him to compassionate their cases.
Good Sir (sayes one) I pray redresse our wrong,
They that haue done it, vnto you belong :
Of all that care we had we are bereft,
Except our very Shirts, theres nothing left.
The Captaine answer'd thus ; Fellowes heare mee:
My Souldiers rob'd you not, I plainly see :
At your first speech you made me somewhat sad,
But your last wordes resolu'd the doubt I had :

Doflor Merry-man: or,

For they which rifled you, left Shirts (you fay)
And I am fure, mine carry all away:
By this I know an error you are in,
My Souldiers would haue left you but your skin.

O Ne dying, left three Sonnes;
Whom he aduice did giue,
Of what profession to make choyce,
Whereby they best might liue,

Vnto the first he said,
Law will be good for thee,
I know as long as there be men,
Some wranglers still will bee.
The second he did wish
A *Canons* life to chuse,
For when that others weepe and mourne;
Why thou shalt singe vs.
And to the third he said,
Physicke for thee is fit,
For Earth will smother all the faults
Phisitians doe commit.

A N old stale Widdower, quite past the best,
That had nothing about him in request,
Saue onely that he carried in his Purse;
Would haue a tender Wench to be his Nurse:
His Sight was dimme, his Teeth were rotted out:
His Hands had Palsie, and his Legges the Goute:
Yet he would Wench it with a daintie Mayde,
Whose beauties pride in all the Parish swayde;
And had her equall hardly to be seene,
A tender young one, much about fifteene:

This

Nothing but Mirth.

This Gallant to her did a suter goe,
With much adoe, his Legges did plague his so;
Yet with his Staffe a prettie shift he made:
So told her, *Cupid* had the villaine playde
With his poore heart, t'was wounded for her sake,
And she must needs the healing Playster make.
The Mayde beheld him with a loathing eye,
And for his quicke dispatch, made quicke reply:
Kind sir (quoth shee) your sute in loue withdraw,
You shall not thatch my new House with old Straw.

A Gentleman a curious Building fram'd,
A House like those, that are from Founders nam'd,
The Worke-men had inlarg'd their art thereon,
Composing it a curious heape of Stone:
Beeing perfect finished as't ought to bee,
The Founder brought his Friend the same to see,
Demauning how he lik'd that House of his?
Why well (quoth he,) onely one fault's amisse,
And that mee thinkes disgraceth all the rest;
Your Kitchin is too little, I protest.
Oh Sir (quoth he) in that you doe mistake,
A reason for the same I will you make:
Of purpose I contriu'd the Kitchin small,
To haue my House the bigger therewithall.

A Barber and a Mower did contend,
With much adoe before their strife could end;
About the Priuiledge that each did claime,
And thus the Barber did his reasons frame:
Sir, I am head of all the Trades that bee,
For Kings must sit barcheaded vnto mee,

Dorset Merry-man: or,

The greatest Monarch that on earth we finde,
Puts off to mee: *Mower*, you come behinde.
Th'other reply'd, *Barber*, in vaine you iarre,
I haue a Priuiledge exceeds you faire,
For when by mee, the Grasse with Siech is shorne,
Or that my Sickle cutteth downe the Corne,
Vpon the stumps I boldly can vntrusse:
What *Barber* on his Worke, that dare doe thus:

AN humorous phantasticke Aste,
Whose Witte and Wealth were spent,
Did in all companies he came,
Boast of his great discent:
And all the Gentlemen he knew,
Vnto his Blood, were base,
For he could prooue from *Noah's* great Flood;
His stocke of roy all race.
Pray Sir (quoth one) take no more paines,
In this same worthy thing,
For it is most apparant plaine,
From what old House you spring:
You may iust prooue your Pedigree
From *Noah* to this hower,
Your Ancestors good Masons were,
That wrought on *Babell* Tower.
And were I as your Worship is,
In spight of Bricklayers Hall,
I would giue Trowell in mine Armes,
A Ladder, Tray and all.

Gentlemen that approch about my Stall,
To most rare Phisicke I inuite you all;
Come neere and harken what I haue to sell,

And

Nothing but Mirth.

And deale with mee all those that are not well.
In this Boxe heere, I haue such precious stufte,
To giue it prayse, I haue not words enuffe:
If any Humour in your Braines be crept:
He fetch it out, as if your heads were swept,
Almost through *Europe* I haue shewne my face,
In euery Towne, and euery Market-place.
Behold this Salue, (I doe not vseto lye)
Whole Hospitals there haue been curde thereby.
I doe not stand heere like a tatar'd slave,
My Vcluet, and my Chaine of Gold I haue:
Which cannot be maintained by mens lookes:
Friends, all your Towne is hardly worth my Bookes,
There stands my Coach and Horses, 'tis mine owne,
From hence to *Turkie* is my credite knowne:
In sooth I can not boast as many will,
Let nothing speake for mee, but onely skill.
See you that thing like Ginger-bread lies there,
My tongue cannot expresse to any care
The sundrie vertues that it doth containe,
Or number halfe the Wormes that it hath slaine.
If in your Bellies there be Crawler bred
In multitudes like Haires vpon your head,
Within some howers space, or thereabout,
At all the holes you haue, he fetch them out,
And ferret them before that I haue done,
Euen like the Hare that forth a Bush doth run.
Heere is a wond'rous Water for the Eye;
This for the Stomack: Maisters will you buy?
When I am gone, you will repent too late,
And then (like fooles) among your selues will prate,
Oh that we had that famous Man againe,
When I shall be suppli'd in *France* or *Spaine*:

Doctor Merry-men : or,

Now for a *Stater*, you a Box shall haue,
That will the liues of halfe a dozen saue.
My man is come, and in mine eare he sayes,
At home for me, at least an hundred staves,
All Gentlemen; yet for your Good, you see,
I make them tarry, and attend for mee.
If that you haue no Money let me know,
Phisicke of almes vpon you lie bestow.
What Docter in the world can offer more?
Such arrant Clownes I neuer knew before:
Heere you doe stand like Owles and gaze on mee,
But not a Penny from you I can see.
A man shall come to doe such Dunces good;
And cannot haue his meaning vnderstood?
To talke to sencelesse people is in vaine,
He see you hang'd ere he come heere againe:
Be all diseas'd as bad as Horses be,
And die in ditches like to Dogges, for me:
An Old-wiues-medecine; Parsely, Time, and Sage,
Will serue such Buzzards in this scuruey age:
Goose-grease and Fennell, with a few Dog-dates,
Is excellent for such base lowzey mates:
Farewell, some Hempton halter be the charme,
To stretch your neckes as long as is mine arme.

ONe came to court a Wench which was precise,
And by the Spirit, did the Flesh despise;
Mooouing a secret match betweene them two;
But she in sooth and sadnesse would not doe:
He did reply, so sweet a faire as thee,
(Made of the stuffe as all faire Women bee;)
Ought by the Law of Nature to be kinde,
And shew her selfe to beare a Womans minde.

Well

Nothing but Mirth.

Well Sir (quoth she) you men doe much preuaile
With cunning speeches and a pleasing tale;
Tis but a folly to be ouer-nice,
You shall : but twentie shillings is my price:
A brace of Angels if you will bestow,
Come such a time, and I am for you, so.
Well, he tooke leaue, and with her Husband met,
Told him by bond he was to pay a debt :
Intreating him to doe so good a deed,
As lend him twentie shillings at his need :
VWhich very kind he present did extend,
And th'other willing, on his VVife did spend :
So taking leaue with her, he goes his wayes,
Meeting his Creditor within few dayes,
And told him; Sir, I was at home to pay
The twentie shillings which you lent last day,
And with your wife (because you were not there)
I left it; pray you with my boldnesse beare.
Tis well (quoth he) I'me glad I did you pleasure.
So coming home, questions his wife at pleasure :
I pray, Sweet heart, was such a man with thee,
To pay two Angels, which he had of mee?
She blusht, and said; hee hath been heer in deed,
But you did ill to lend; Husband take hee :
The falshood of the world you doe not spie,
It is not good to trust, before we try :
Pray lend no more; for it may breed much strife,
To haue such Knaues come home to pay your Wife.

A Crew of Foxes all on theeuing set,
Together at a Countrey Hen-roost met,
Where the poore Poultrie went to grieuous wracke;
For

Doctor Merry-man : or,

For there they feasted till their guts did cracke,
Hauing well sup'd, readie to goe away,
Without demanding what they had to pay;
Sayes one vnto the rest : Friends hearken vnto mee,
Lets poynt where our next meeting place shall bee,
With a good-will (saies one about the rest)
At such a Farmers house, his Lambes be best.
Nay (quoth another) I doe know a Clowne,
Hath euen the fattest Geese in all the Towne.
Well Maisters, said a graue and ancient Fox,
Had been the death of many Hens and Cox,
The surest place to meete, that I can tell,
Will be the Skinners Shop : and so farewell.

A Shepheard that a carefull eye did keepe
Vnto the safetie of his grasing Sheepe,
Perceiu'd a Wolfe thorow the Hedge to prie:
Sirrah (quoth hee) pray, what make you so nie?
Why (saies the Wolfe) thou seest I doe no ill,
Thy Flocks are farre enough vpon the Hill.
What Iustice now adayes these people lackes,
The Crows ride boldly on thy Cattels backes,
And not a word thou sayst to them at all;
Yet but for looking on, with mee dost brawll?
The Prouerb's true, for now I finde it well,
VVhich once I heard an auncient old VVolfe tell :
Hee that vpon a bad ill name doth light,
Is euen halfe hang'd, as good be hang'd out-right.
And I my selfe by proofe can now alledge,
Some better steale, then some looke ore the Hedge.

The

THe Diuell did complaine he was not well,
And would goe take some Phisicke, out of Hell:
To *England, France, and Spaine*, with speed he got,
Where all refusde him, he did burne so hot.

In haste he then to *Germanie* did hie,
The cunning of a *Quack-saluer* to trie;
Where, in a Market-place vpon a Stage,
He found a Fellow could all Griefes allwage.
Doctor (quoth he) I want some of thy skill,
For I doe find I am exceeding ill:

And any thing for ease I will indure;
VVhat wilt thou vndertake my paine to cure?

If thou canst ease the *Maladie* I haue,
Thou shalt haue Gold, euen what thy selfe wilt craue.
Gentleman (said this Doctor to the Diuell)

Vpon my life Ile rid you of your euill;
Make vnto me those Griefes you haue, but knowe,
And with the curing them, let me alone.

VVhy Sir (quoth he) my Head with Hornes doth ake,
My Braines doth Brimstone-like *Tobacco* take;
My Eyes are full of euer-burning Fire,
My Tongue a drop of Water doth desire,
About my Heart doth crawling Serpents creepe,
And I can neither eate, nor drinke, nor sleepe:

There's no Diseases whatsoere they bee,
But I haue all of them imposde on mee.

All Torments that the tongue of man can name,
VVithin, without, in a continuall flame.

Quoth the *Quack-saluer*, Sir, Ile vndertake
A sound man of you in a month to make:

VVilt please your Worship, shew me where you dwell:
Mary (quoth he) my Chamber is in Hell:
Thy charges in the Iourney I will beare.

Doctor Merry-man : or,

And Ile preferre thee to the Diuell there :
With speed get vp, Ile take thee on my backe,
The World may spare you and in Hell we lacke.

A Bishop met two Priestes vpon the way,
And did salute them with the time of day :
Good-morrow Clerkes vnto you both (quoth he)
Sir (they reply'd) no Clerkes, but Priestes are we.
Why (quoth the Bishop) then I will consent
Vnto the title of your owne content :
Since you deny to carry Schollers markes,
Good-morrow to you Priestes, thar are no Clerkes.

O Ne climbing of a Tree, by hap,
Fell downe and brake his arme,
And did complaine vnto a friend,
Of his vnluckie harme.

Would I had counsel'd you before,
(quoth he to whom he spake)
I know a trick for Climbers, that
They neuer hurt shall take.
Neighbour (sayd he) I haue a Sonne,
And he doth vse to climbe,
Pray let me know the same for him,
Against another time ?
Why thus (quoth he) let any man
That liues, climbe nere so hie,
And make no more haste downe, then vp,
No harme can come thereby.

AN aged Gentleman sore sicke did lie,
Expecting life, that could not chuse but die :
His Foole came to him, and intreated thus.

Good

Nothing but Mirth.

Good Maister, ere you goe away from vs,
Bestow on *Iacke* (that oft hath made you laffe,)
Against he waxeth old, your VValking-staffe,
I will (quoth he) goe take it, there it is :
But on condition *Iacke*, which shall be this ;
If thou doe meete with any while thou liue,
More Foole then thou, the Staffe thou shalt him giue.
Maister (sayd he) vpon my life I will ;
But I doe hope that I shall keepe it still.
When Death drew neere, and faintnesse did proceed,
His Maister calles for a Deuine with speed,
For to prepare him vno Heauens way.
The Foole starts vp, and hastily did say,
Oh Maister, Maister take your Staffe againe,
That proue your selfe the most Foole of vs twaine :
Haue you liu'd now some fourescore yeares and odd,
And all this time, are vnprepared for God :
What greater Foole can any meete withall,
Then one that's ready in the Graue to fall,
And is to seeke about his soules estate,
When Death is op'ning of the Prison gate?
Beare witnesse friends, that I discharge me plaine;
Heere Maister, heere, receiue your Staffe againe :
Vpon the same condition I did take it,
According as you will'd me, I forsake it :
And ouer and aboue, I will bestow
This Epitaph, which shall your folly show.

*Heere lyes a man at death did Heauen clayme,
But in his life, he neuer sought the same.*

A Simple Clowne in *Flaunders*,
As he traueyling had bin,
Hauing his Wife in company,

Doctor Merry-man: or,

Came late vnto his Inne,
A *Spanish* Souldier being there,
A Guest vnto the place:
No sooner saw, but like'd his wife,
(She had a comely face)
And watch'd when they were gon to bed,
Then boldly in comes hee,
And neuer said, Friends by your leaue,
But made their number three.
The Clowne lay still, and felt a stirre,
Yet durst not speake for's life,
At length his patience was so moou'd,
He softly iogg'd his wife,
And said to her; prethee intreat
The *Spaniard* to be still.
Can I speake *Spanish* (man, quoth she)
You know I haue no skill:
But Husband, if you please to rise,
And for the Sexton goe,
He vnderstandeth *Spanish* well,
Assuredly I know.
Fayth and Ile fetch him straight (quoth he:)
And so the Rusticke rose,
And softly sneeking out of doores,
About his message goes.
Meane time (imagine what you will)
To mee it is vnknowne:
But ere her Husband came againe,
The *Spaniard* he was gone.
VWhich when this simple Foole perceiu'd,
He fell to domineere:
Oh Wife, (said he, for twentie pound)
I would I had him heere.

Tell

Nothing but Mirth.

Tell mee sweet-heart, when I was gone,
How long the knaue did stay?
(Quoth she) you scarce were out of doores,
Before he ran away.
VVife (quoth the Clowne) thou mak'st me laugh,
That I did feare him thus:
Come, let vs take a little nap,
For his disturbing vs.
You see what comes of Policie,
And good discretion : Wife,
If I had been a hastie Foole,
It might haue cost my life.

I Am a professed Courtizan,
That liue by peoples sinne:
With halfe a dozen Puncks I keepe,
I haue great commings in,
Such store of Traders haunt my house,
To finde a lusty Wench,
That twentie Gallants in a weeke,
Doe entertaine the *French*.
Your Courtier and your Citizen,
Your very rusticke Clowne,
Will spend an Angell on the Pox,
Euen readie mony downe.
I strine to liue most Lady like,
And scorne those foolish Queanes,
That doe not rattle in their Silkes,
And yet haue able meanes.
I haue my Coach, as if I were
A Countesse, I protest,
I haue my daintie Musicke playes,
When I would take my rest.

Doctor Merry-man : or,

I haue my Seruing-men that waite
Vpon me in Blew-coats :
I haue my Oares that attend
My pleasure, with their Boates :
I haue my Champions that will fight,
My Louers, that doe fawne :
I haue my Hatte, my Hood, my Maske,
My Fanne, my Cobweb-Lawne.
To giue my Gloue vnto a Gull,
Is mighty fauour found,
When for the wearing of the same,
It costes him twentie pound.
My Garter as a gracious thing,
Another takes away,
And for the same, a Silken Gowne
The Prodigall doth pay.
Then comes an Ass, and he forsooth
Is in such longing heate,
My Buske-poynt euen on his knees,
With teares he doth intreate :
I graunt it, to reioyce the man,
And then request a thing,
Which is both Gold and precious Stone,
The Woodcocks Diamond Ring.
Another lowly minded Youth,
Forsooth my Shoe-string craues,
And that he putteth through his Eare,
Calling the rest, Base slaues.
Thus fit I Fooles in humors still,
That come to me for game ;
I punish them for Venerie,
Leauing their Purfes lame.
In New-gate some take lodging vp,

Till

Nothing but Mirth.

Till they to Tiburne ride :
And others walke to Wood-streete, with
A Sergeant by their side.
Some goe to Hounes-ditch with their Cloathes
To pawne for Money lending,
And some I send to Surgens shops,
Because they lacke some mending.
Others passe ragged vp and downe,
All tatter'd, rent, and torne;
But being in that scurvie case,
Their companies I scorne:
For if they come and fawne on me,
There's nothing to be got;
As soone as ere my Marchants breake,
I sweare I know them not.
No entertainement, nor a looke,
That they shall get of mee:
If once I doe begin perceiving,
That out of Cash they bee:
All kindnesse that I professe,
The fayrest shewes I make,
Is lone of all that comes to me,
For Gold and Siluers sake.
To forward men, I forward am;
Most frake vnto the free:
But such as takes their Wares on trust,
Are not to deale with mee.
The world is hard, all things are deare,
Good-fellowship decays:
And euery one seekes profit now,
In these same hungry dayes.
Although my trade in secret bee,
Vplawfull to be knowne.

Doctor Merry-man : or,

Yet I will make the best I can,
Of that which is mine owne;
For seeing I doe venture faire,
At price of whipping cheere,
I haue no reason but to make
My Customers pay deere:
Our charge beside, is very great,
To keepe vs fine and braue;
A Whore that goes not gallantly,
Shall little doings haue,
Therefore all thinges consider'd well,
Our charges, and our danger:
A daly Friend shall pay as much,
As any Tearme-time stranger.

A Rich man and a Poore, did both appeare
Before a Iudge, an iniury to cleare;
The Rich did tell a tale most tedious long,
Mending (as he suppos'd) with wordes, the wrong:
And euer when the Poore man would haue spoke,
With bold out-facing speech he did him choake:
The wofull wight at length could beare no longer,
But boldly rais'd his voice both loude and stronger:
My Lord (quoth he) pray now, bid *Dines* stay,
And heare but what poore *Lazarus* can say:
My Oxe came in his Field, which he doth keepe,
And sweares for that, hee'll pay me with a Sheepe.

FINIS.



